

home; and the fuller the home life is of duties and responsibilities, the more imperative is the demand that we should leave it for a time. With dwellers in the city, this has become a fixed maxim. Those in smaller places who cannot do more might at least spend an occasional afternoon in the woods; and amid the soothing sights and sounds that are to be found there, let some of nature's strength pass into the fibres of their own being.

But it is of the spiritual side of rest that we would speak more particularly. To rest we must have restful thoughts, and to have restful thoughts we must *trust*. Often in Scripture the succession of ideas is vastly important. St. Paul tells the Philippians to be *anxious* for nothing, but to make their requests known unto God in prayer and thanksgiving; and he adds immediately, "The peace (harmony, tranquillity, *rest*) of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." But this comes when we throw off care and learn to trust. To rest is to exercise faith, and the deepest test of the Christian life lies in our ability to lay down all our burdens and trust God and rest.

Perhaps some day, as we lie in the cool shade, with the soft breeze fanning our cheeks, we shall review God's dealings with our spirit, and learn new truth from the review of the past. It is full of mingled light and shade, of sorrow and of joy; but can we not see that every sorrow and every joy has been fitted into its right place, and has been allowed to come just when most needed? We were perhaps, in our prosperity, losing sympathy with those whose lot was hard and burden heavy. We were becoming absorbed in our own aims only, and just when our characters were beginning to harden God allowed the crushing sorrow to come that seemed to take all the joy out of our lives. Now we can look back more calmly upon it, and see that we are stronger, sweeter, better, for the grief. We can see a wise plan working out in all our past. Let us thank God that He has taught us this blessed truth, and rest in Him more as we know His love better.

WORSHIPPING MEDICINE BOTTLES IN BURMAH.

AN eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter from her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a

quantity of a famous pain-killer, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone.

Returning to the village some months after, she was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side. The medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God."

Overjoyed at this news she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the pain-killer bottles ranged in a row upon a shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.—*Selected.*

GOOD REASONS.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, being once asked why he took such a prominent part in the temperance reform when untouched by its evil influences himself, replied: "At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined by drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes, and almost food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth, who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink. When I was at King's College, I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."—*Selected.*

A PATIENT LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

It was once my privilege to visit in Louisville, Ky., a very remarkable woman, who has recently died there. The story of her life is briefly told, but her influence will

long be felt. Though she no longer speaks to us from the sick chamber, the memory of her patient life of usefulness, recalled by this sketch, comes to us as a voice from the upper sanctuary.

Twenty-five years ago she was riding in her father's carriage, when a runaway team dashed into the carriage and seriously injured her back. Some years after this another accident entirely disabled her, so that she was confined to her bed for the remainder of her life. Instead of submitting in quiet despair to a helpless and useless condition of suffering, she began, as soon as her injuries would permit, to devise plans for doing good. Although suffering great pain, and unable to leave her couch for a moment, except as she was lifted by kind hands, she began to circulate good literature through her friends and to care for the afflicted. She became an active member of the "Shut-in Band" of sufferers, who cheered one another by pleasant letters, messages of love, etc. She did not forget the poor, the prisoner, and the lonely stranger, but organized for them the "Flower Mission." "Prison Day" was another of her benevolent devices, and she selected herself the verses of Scripture sent with the flowers. Many a sad heart was made happy at least for one day by this noble-hearted servant of God. She was elected international president of the whole Flower Mission work under the care of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "The Louisville Nurses' Training School" was started by her influence; and "The Rest Cottage," some miles from the city, where saleswomen could have a two weeks' rest in the pure country air in the summer, at the nominal cost of one dollar a week. In recognition of her noble character and wonderful work the "Circles of King's Daughters," both at home and abroad, have established a hospital for women in Louisville bearing her name. These are some of the marvellous good works accomplished by this wonderful Christian woman, a confirmed and helpless sufferer for twenty-five years. The secret of her success was consecration of body, soul, and spirit to God and His service; prayer, earnest, fervent prayer; faith in God, and supreme love to her Saviour. She lived for others, not for herself.

May the example of Miss Casseday's life inspire us not only with more patience under our comparatively light trials, but also with the earnest desire to be fully consecrated to the Master's service in whatever sphere we may be placed.—F.H.D.